The Catapeake Rippurr

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/41240361.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham & cat Hannibal Lecter
Character:	Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Lecter is a cat, aka Cattibal, meowt-cute, Murder, Crack Treated Seriously
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-24 Completed: 2022-09-07 Words: 2,400 Chapters: 2/2

The Catapeake Rippurr

by det395

Summary

Will picks up a different kind of stray and doesn't know what he's gotten himself into.

Some vignettes of Hannibal as a cat.

Notes

I was promised kink fic in return for a cat fic and whether or not that's really an equal trade I'll take it LMAO I hope you enjoy Dom

Inspired by this masterpiece I saw on tumblr
https://threi.tumblr.com/post/692955187841761280/ca-t

Thank you so much Reece for betaing!!!

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will really shouldn't stop.

He's almost delirious with exhaustion and the sensation of a killer too deep under his skin. It's been a long day working under Jack Crawford's hard thumb and he has enough problems to deal with at home. So much of the night has already gone by, Tuesday is turning into Wednesday and the harsh night's wind makes the November cold cut like a knife.

A stray dog wouldn't stand a chance in it. Will Graham parks his car on the right hand shoulder of the gravel road.

It might not even be a dog. The animal scurried behind a bush before he could tell, and it was small enough to be any number of woodland creatures from these parts.

But it could be a dog.

It would make him feel better to do at least one good thing. There's not much he's saving these days, but he can still manage the simple needs of his dogs.

Will leaves his headlights on and pulls his jacket tighter around his body as he walks cautiously toward the underbrush.

He halts at the first sign of movement and then steps forward once, twice.

"C'mere," he says, raising the pitch of his voice. He whistles once, but sees no other movement, even as he skims through the bush with his boot.

He sighs. Hell, maybe he was seeing something. It wouldn't be the first time. It wouldn't even be the hundredth time.

He withdraws, walking backward and keeping his eyes on the woods just in case.

"*Mrrrp.*"

Will twists around at the noise behind him, eyes dropping to the small figure sitting in his path.

A *cat*. A little silver thing with a crisscrossing pattern of dark stripes down its torso and a patch of fur on its chest that looks strangely like a tie. It has a long nose and fierce slits for eyes that stare unblinkingly into Will's. He might have been nervous it was a lynx if it wasn't for its size.

He huffs out his breath which rises like a fog in the cold air.

"Ah, you wouldn't like my *roommates* ."

The cat lets out another little noise as it turns away, like it's annoyed by Will's rejection.

Before he can stop it, the cat jumps up onto his front tire where the engine must be warm.

Will bends over almost in half to look for it. "Hey, *pspspsp*, here, get out of there." He reaches out a hand, shoo-ing at the air to try and scare it away.

What he doesn't expect is a paw reaching out and raking at the back of his hand with sharp claws before he has a chance to flinch back.

"*Shit*." He pulls back his hand and shakes out the sting of what is definitely going to be bleeding.

He reaches back in faster and grabs the cat by its torso, ripping it out from under the car and ignoring the vicious *yreeeeooow* it lets out. Its claws protract and dig painfully into his arm, scraping down to make him bleed more.

He swears but holds tightly onto the cat. In his hands, he can really feel how much the cat is just skin and bones, and *cold* too. From its good grooming, he almost could have mistaken it for a beloved pet. He holds it out in front of him where it can't scratch his face and considers.

It's probably not being fed out here, and a domestic cat isn't necessarily made for this weather. His heart pangs.

Half a dozen young girls, lost and afraid and alone…

He doesn't have to bring a cat inside. He's long overdue for a predator like this on his property to catch mice and the like.

Before he can think too hard about it, he chucks the cat into the back of his car.

It turns out to be harder than he thought to get the cat out of the car at home, and eventually it just bites the shit out of his forearm and lunges past him into the dark property. If the cat is feral then he's truly done for.

Well, he did what he could. Honestly, he doesn't really know what he's thinking. He doesn't even *like* cats.

It might have just been a convenient distraction because here comes the part of the night he's been dreading. The longer he puts it off, the more he's putting himself at risk.

He drives his car to the barn down the hill from his house. For once he's thankful for the below-freezing weather because the dead body on his floor is showing no signs of decomposition.

Not for the first time, Freddie Lounds showed up looking for answers and poking her head in where she shouldn't have.

The wrench to her skull might have been rash.

Unsurprisingly, Will is having a bad day. There are a few ways to hide a body and cover up a murder. There are fewer ways to do it that won't get him caught.

He needs cat food. That is as good an excuse as any to get some supplies from the gas station in the middle of the goddamn night.

With one more glance to the body—who hasn't stood up with that dent in the side of her head to shove a camera in his face and go *aha! I knew it all along!*—Will gets back in his car and drives away.

Pay in cash, don't over-explain, blend into the background, keep the hat on, and face away from the security cameras. Will has seen more criminals get caught in stupid ways than he knows what to do with.

He does put a bowl of cat food outside of his house because he's not the kind of killer to torture increasingly larger animals just to hear them squeal. He's not the kind of killer to hunt out pain and despair for the fun of it. He doesn't quite know what kind of killer he is yet, but he'll be damned if he's not the kind of man he's always known himself to be.

He gets back to his shed and takes a deep breath. He internally berates himself for fearing that Freddie Lounds will be standing behind the door, waiting for him.

What he opens the door to still shocks him.

The cat is standing over her body, gnawing and licking at the crack in her skull. There are giant fleshy holes in Freddie's face where her cheeks used to be, and there's no mistaking the culprit. Blood has soaked the cat's face and its lips look unsettlingly pouty and wide, almost human.

"Hey, *git!*" Will yells, stomping forward. The cat rushes to the other side of the room, then sits nice and pretty on its hind legs and licks its chops.

Will glares at it across the room. This was a mistake, now the cat has Freddie's DNA matted into its bloody fur. The chance that the cat will spread that DNA somewhere that the forensic profilers will find might be slim but it's never zero.

Although, the cat might have the right idea. Eating the evidence is one sure way to make sure no one ever finds it again.

"You're going to wish you didn't do that," Will says, stalking toward the cat. He'll need to give it a bath and keep it close for the time being.

With a screeching meow, the cat dodges Will, sprinting up and over his work table and knocking some tools off before it makes it to the other side of the room where the corpse is. The cat does it with a surprising amount of grace that makes Will question whether the mess is on purpose.

Will could almost swear there is a dark amusement in its sharp eyes, shining hazel with hints of maroon in the yellow light of the shed. Its chest puffs out in pride and it sits so intentionally that it almost looks like it's challenging Will to come and get it. The skinny little

cat somehow manages to look more domineering than most of the humans Will meets in day-to-day life.

Will squeezes his eyes shut and rubs his temples. He must really be going crazy if he’s anthropomorphizing a cat he found on the side of the street.

However, he’s nothing if not perceptive to the details that no one else can see, and he has a strong feeling that this cat is going to become his most high-maintenance pet yet, whether he likes it or not.

He opens his eyes when he hears a strange noise and finds the cat leaning forward slightly, tense with discomfort. Will furrows his eyebrows in confusion. The cat’s little body starts moving, undulating into an arch and then back down as it heaves like it’s going to be sick. Finally, the cat coughs and vomits on the floor right next to Freddie’s head.

Will takes a tentative step forward to get a look at whatever new mess he’s going to have to clean up.

On the ground in a patch almost as bright as the corpse next to it, he finds a big wad of curly red hair.

Chapter End Notes

will this become a series of cattibal vignettes? i don't know! i can't predict how the stars align!

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Cattibal raises hell in the Will Graham household and gets assigned a gender and a name

Chapter Notes

warning for animal injury in this chapter!

also in LOOOVE with this moodboard from lu which ive put at the top of the fic!! [social media link]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will has never been much of a cat person, more by chance than anything else. He considers cats those kinds of animals that laze on grandma's couch or adventure through city streets as quiet as criminals, not the kind of animals you let on a sailboat or find abandoned on the side of the road.

He can admit he's felt a small sense of superiority for taking in so many dogs. Dogs need about as much attention as you can possibly give them between the food, exercise, affection, training to not wreak havoc on a home, bathing, you name it.

He never could have prepared for how high maintenance this cat is.

Will picks up the little dish of cat food, shakes it around, and then sets it closer to the cat's nose.

He—which Will has confirmed by lifting him up and finding two little furry testicles under his tail, an action that got him a long bleeding cut down his cheek—stares at the food like he can't believe Will expects him to even consider the kibble. All the cat has eaten so far is some leftover baked trout and Freddie Lounds' mangled flesh. It's not a very balanced diet.

Will sighs and puts the bowl on the kitchen counter where the dogs won't reach it. It's one of the cat's favourite places to be anyway, to Will's dismay when he sees the mess of fur.

He lets the dogs back inside the house and prepares their breakfasts. He's been trying to keep the animals separated. More specifically, he's been trying to keep the cat outside, but he scratches at Will's front door like he's trying to break right through it.

Maybe the cat needs to get humbled by one of his dogs. And if he gets in the way of feeding time, he's going to get humbled good.

Will sets down the dog dishes, spacing them out around the house for the more territorial dogs. Buster's goes right in the kitchen as he's the oldest.

Will leans back against the fridge with his arms crossed. The cat is on the other side of the counter looking around the house like a warrior choosing their competition. His sights seem to fall on Buster.

"You don't want to do that," Will tells him. "Buster might be small and fat but he will fight anything and everything."

The cat stares into Will's eyes with an unsettlingly knowing gaze.

And then he pounces at Buster.

Buster twists around and yaps loud enough to spook and rile up all the other dogs in the house. His teeth are dull and yellowish but look menacing enough as he snarls and slobbers all down his chin in his aggression.

Will watches from a distance with morbid curiosity as the cat hisses and arches his back threateningly.

Buster snaps at the cat and Will steps forward to break it up when the cat scratches long and hard at his face.

"*Hey*," Will yells, pulling the cat away just as he elicits a startling yelp from his dog.

He feels instantly guilty for letting them get that close when he looks down at Buster's bleeding face with the scratch right down the side of his eye. He's whimpering and being overly dramatic, as is his usual, but it does look pretty bad. He's had Buster the longest and feels protective of him.

Will stands and scans the room for the cat and, to his surprise, finds him eating out of Max's food bowl while all the other dogs just watch as if waiting their turn.

"No way you're the alpha of this pack, get out of here," Will says stomping up to it. The cat is gone in a flash, leaving Will huffing and all of the dogs thoroughly unsettled at the completely upturned house dynamic.

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He tries his best to ignore the cat in the evening. It seems like the best discipline he can give, since he doesn't believe in physical discipline. He grabs a novel he picked up about the Second Punic War and acts like the cat isn't on his lap and as close to his face as possible without touching as he could be.

"I might as well name you Hannibal," he says, flipping the page from Carthage's battle against the Roman Republic, "for how much you're trying to command this household. And no one but me knows that you're a man-eater."

The cat meows in reply. Will frowns. He's avoided naming him so far because it will make all of this seem more permanent. He could still go drop him off at a shelter and end the disruption of his and his dog's home life.

Except he feels a strange kind of kinship with the cat after their latest events transpired. He's a bizarrely perceptive animal who gives Will a piercing kind of attention. Will feels seen the way he doesn't by his other pets who mainly look to him for food and play.

"Hannibal. Well, it's not like I have many other ideas," Will says, letting his new cat push his book onto the floor and rub his cheeks across Will's palm.

Chapter End Notes

closes the wikipedia of Hannibal Barca I NEEDED SOME WAY TO REALISTICALLY NAME HIM OKAY

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